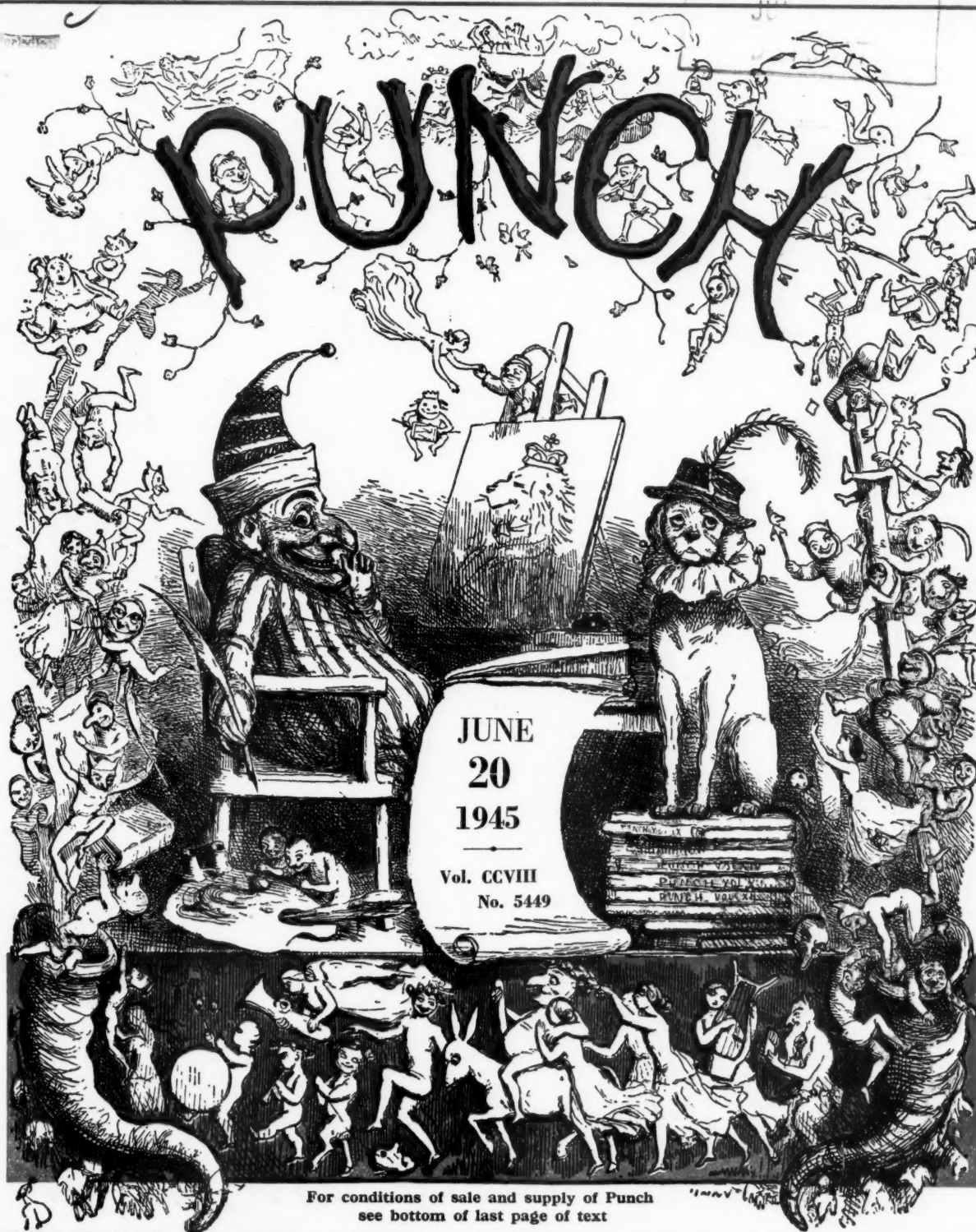


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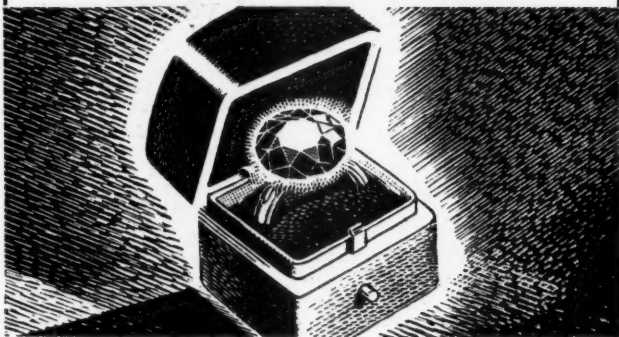


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"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

WE HAD TO MAKE RUBIES



TO HELP WIN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

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that makes plain
fare tasty and
fine fare a feast.

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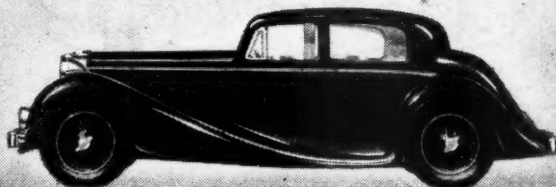
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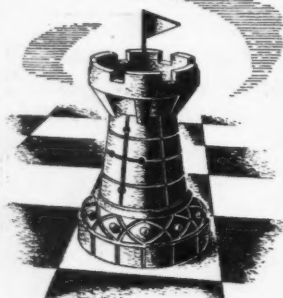
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In spite of all the difficulties of war-time manufacture, and shortage of supplies, 'Van Heusen' collars have maintained their supreme reputation for comfort and style. Men in the Services who have worn them through the war years will find the same qualities when they buy their first "Civvy Street" 'Van Heusen' collars! Coupon-shortage makes them an essential choice, too! Moreover, they do not shrink.

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Sole Manufacturers: Harding, Tilton & Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset



A Favourite Ally!

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FISH & MEAT PASTES

PLEASE help the Church Army to provide every possible amenity for the men and women of the Forces at home and Overseas. More Mobile Canteens. More Hostels. More Recreation Centres. More people to help to run them.

Gifts and enquiries to the Rev. Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head,
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10/127

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GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS
DOCTORS USE IT

Let the Basic Petrol Ration
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Outstanding for perfect cooking, cleanliness, amazing fuel economy, ESSE Heat Storage Cookers can be combined with Waterheaters for constant hot water supply.



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It would not only do away with all hand-stoking, it would maintain your rooms at a pre-determined temperature day and night and it would save fuel.

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GUARANTEE: Cost refunded if not satisfied, on return of empty bottle to makers. Price 5/- (pocket size 2/6, family size 4/6). If your Chemist cannot supply write to—

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For Voice, Throat & Chest

NIPITS
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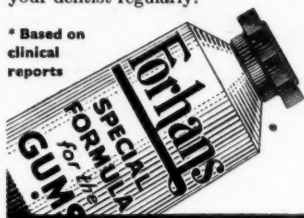


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Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

**Cuticura
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**DOGS
always
PREFER
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SHAPES**

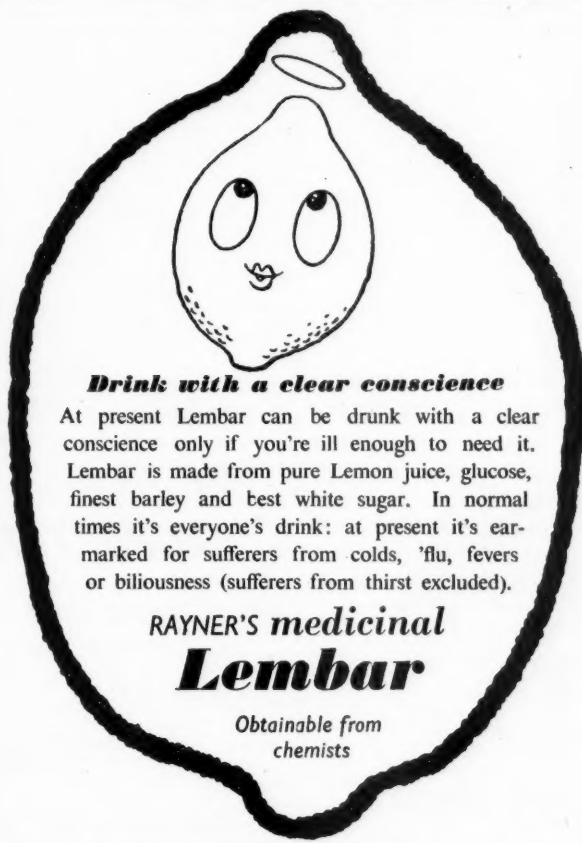
**"and at Saxone
they measure both feet"**



*We measure both feet for Saxone Footprint Fitting shoes.
Good leather and fine workmanship go into these shoes and
they are worth a little extra trouble over fitting.*

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Drink with a clear conscience

At present Lembar can be drunk with a clear conscience only if you're ill enough to need it. Lembar is made from pure Lemon juice, glucose, finest barley and best white sugar. In normal times it's everyone's drink: at present it's earmarked for sufferers from colds, 'flu, fevers or biliousness (sufferers from thirst excluded).

**RAYNER'S medicinal
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Obtainable from
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PATON'S LACES ARE UNEQUALLED

**PATON'S
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From your retailer

WM. PATON LTD : JOHNSTONE : SCOTLAND

More
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the finest polish for
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TRI-ANG TOYS

The bad and overpriced toys you have been forced to buy were not ours. We have been making guns, shells and aeroplanes, etc., during the war. Soon we hope to be permitted to restart making TRI-ANG TOYS.
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Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
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"Sh! I'm putting Dolly to bed." Every night Sheila gives Dolly supper and washes her, puts her to bed and stays until she "goes to sleep." Dolly gets a rough scrub with a dry flannel, but Sheila is washed with Pears Soap. Mummy knows that Pears Soap and clear water is the secret of her lovely clear complexion — the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap
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HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE REST

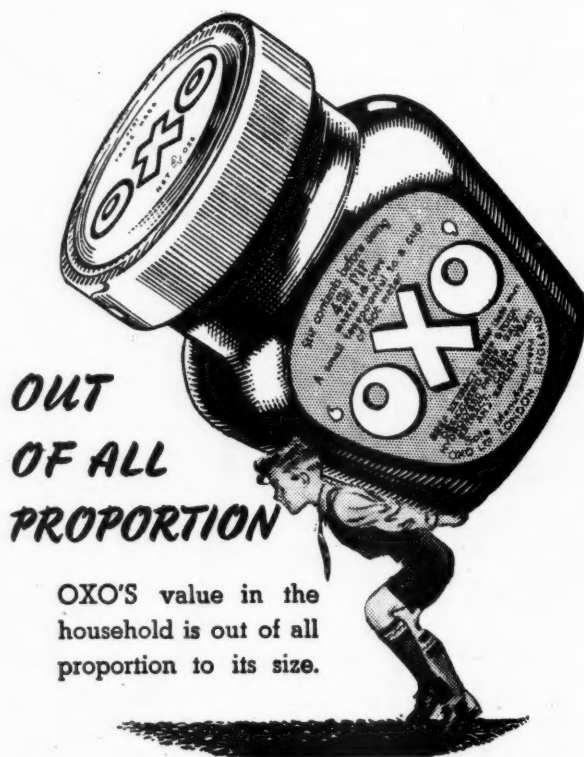
GREYS CIGARETTES

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited

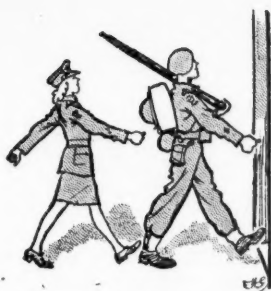


For centuries well-travelled men of other nations have come to London for a special purpose—"to visit their London tailor." For centuries "real English clothes" have meant to men everywhere "the best." If Simpsons through the last three generations have contributed to this reputation, they will do so still more in the bright days ahead.



OXO'S value in the household is out of all proportion to its size.

2 oz 1/1d. 4 oz. 1/11d. 8 oz. 3/6d. 16 oz. 5/6d.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5449

June 20 1945

Charivaria

THERE is a strong possibility that we shall have another Budget in the autumn. Just by way of an antidote to whatever brand of honey goes best on July 5th.

A correspondent says he hesitates to resume motoring because he feels he could not now pass a driving test. Many motorists, however, on taking out licences found it was their cars that couldn't.



"Ford will continue to make history."—*Advertisement.*

After what he said about it?

Metropolitan police officers have volunteered to spend their summer holidays working on Lincolnshire farms. It should be a fair crop.

Many Germans have confident hopes of winning the peace, and from what little we have seen of it so far they are very welcome to it.

When a man was charged with breaking into a requisitioned house the magistrates decided to take a lenient view of the case. After all, he wasn't the owner.

An inventor has discovered how to flavour the cartons in which confectionery is packed. But it may take cake-buyers some time to get used to having their box and eating it too.

According to a trade journal there is an acute shortage of man-power in the bakery industry. Something will have to go, if only the check on currants.



San Francisco is tough. Not many places could have survived an earthquake and a World Conference.

The food queue will ultimately disappear. Shoppers have unanimously resolved that when this occurs any fraternization in the past will not count.

Now that scientists have perfected a gun which can be fired round a corner it isn't much use expecting to find peace round one.

Owing to the tobacco shortage smokers are urged to consume more of each cigarette and so avoid waste. But where are the razor-blades to shave off enveloping moustaches?



We are informed that Unrra is having a difficult time dealing with the hordes of unemployed neutral observers.

"Plans For Ice-Hockey," says a heading. Yes, yes. But we must keep our sense of proportion. The General Election will be over next month and in the meantime San Francisco and Trieste are unmistakable pointers to a permanent peace.

Good News for Codfish

"MOTHERS of 4,400,000 children will draw the family allowance of 5s. a week for each child . . ."—*Daily paper.*

A holidaymaker at an East Coast resort found a herring inside his bathing costume. A fish queue was immediately formed but could not keep up with him on his frantic dash for the bathing-hut.

Projecting-Ear Crisis Ends

ALTHOUGH the war in Europe is over, the labours of the Civil Service, ceaselessly on watch to keep the ship of State on a straight course and an even keel ("Pass the word, Mr. Ratline, for a couple of hands with an S.R. & O. and a marlinespike." "Pipe up the topmen, bo's'n, to take a reef in one of them Control Orders—the one on trouser buttons will do—and she'll be right in a jiffy")—the labours of the Civil Service, I say, continue unabated.

If evidence of this were needed, I would refer to a paragraph in the June number of *The Chamber of Commerce Journal*, on page 239, in the section devoted to recent issues and amendments of Government Orders, and in the particular sub-section dealing with changes in the rules relating to Purchase Tax. For the benefit of any flighty or superficial reader who may have skimmed the passage and failed to grasp its significance I will quote it in full:

"2632. *Decision: May 19.*—The following decision was published on May 19: In future, caps for projecting ears will be regarded as outside the scope of Class 17 (toilet requisites) and as chargeable at the rate of 33 1/3 per cent. under Class 1(c) (iv)."

To my English readers, whose private pride and public duty it is to maintain a perfect knowledge of all their country's laws and of all the regulations supplementing them, it will be unnecessary to detail the range of goods included in Class 1(c) (iv), but for the benefit of the many visiting allies who may study this article for the sake of its lovely prose style I will explain that, before this latest addition was made, it applied to "certain articles domestically used in connection with apparel, trouser presses, tie presses, boot and shoe trees, coat hangers and other articles for similar use; button hooks, shoe horns, glove stretchers, glove driers, hat covers, mothproof bags, and the like."

Upon the manifest propriety of this clear-cut and statesmanlike decision it would be impertinent to comment. Its effect, I need hardly say, will course through the veins of the body politic like a soothing stream, until it is felt in the loneliest hamlet where there lives a man with projecting ears; for it means that the prices of these caps, which were formerly subject to a tax of no less than 100 per cent., will come down with a run. The ugly murmurings up and down the country among men with projecting ears—and no section of the community has shown itself during the war more loyal or more deserving of consideration—will be stilled; there will be an end to those muttered threats to wear ordinary caps, or to go capless, regardless of the comfort of passers-by. The nation will line up to face the Japanese, united, and with all ears projecting in the same direction.

The reader unfamiliar with the intricate machinery of state may imagine that a decision such as this is taken lightly with the exchange of a word or two between officials over a cup of coffee. Some such dialogue as this may pass through his mind.

"There, now! Did you ever? There's that Effie been and copied Class 17 and missed out caps for projecting ears, and she's left no room to put them in. Oh, dear, and now there'll be trouble again like there was with that chap Huxley at the Zoo when she put down wart-hogs instead of water-hose and he made all that fuss about sending in the return."

"Now, now, Pilkington, what's all this? Pull yourself together, old man. Let's face up to it and we'll find a way out. We'll stick them in somewhere else. What about this—Class 89: Steam rollers, wristwatch straps, chimney cowl, rabbit hutches, ink wells, cuspidors and the like? Or, here's a better one still—might have been made for it—Class 1(c) (iv); Trouser presses, tie presses, and so on—just tie the very thing. Shove it in there."

Any such impression, let me assure the uninstructed reader, is erroneous. No major decision of this kind could be taken by a single department. There must have been a conference, two or three, probably. And, to probe further into the background, it must have been at a conference that the earlier decision, now rescinded, was originally taken. We can only guess by what influence the meeting was led astray on that occasion.

"How we look at it at Millbank is like this," the Board of Trade man probably said, for they are clear thinkers. "Being for them with projecting ears, it's pitching it a bit strong to class them as beautifying appliances, like. Nor, they aren't hardly machinery guards, neither, not coming under the Home Office Factory Inspectors. And you can't hardly say they're dental appliances, like bridge-work. How would it be, like, to put them in along with trouser presses?"

And then perhaps one of the more forceful departments chipped in, the M.A.P. or the Admiralty—probably the Admiralty, I think:

"I regret, sir, that we cannot concur with the Board of Trade view. Although naval personnel are trained in the protrusion and retraction of ears by muscular action and therefore these caps are not at present a naval store, their Lordships hold the view very strongly that such caps, if it should become necessary to adopt them, should be classified as toilet requisites, and I am authorised to inform you that an A.F.O. to that effect is being issued to-morrow. Their Lordships hope that there will be no conflict of view on this point."

But, however the original conference may have been misled or stampeded into making the first decision, the injustice has now been remedied. The voice of the people has been heard and the state has been manly enough to admit its error. And this is probably the sort of thing that Tennyson had in mind when he spoke about something or other slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.

A. M. C.

Demobilization

WHO calls whom "sir"? Before we're vastly older
We'll cease to have to try
To get a glimpse of someone's cap or shoulder . . .
We'll look him in the eye.

Admirable Crichton

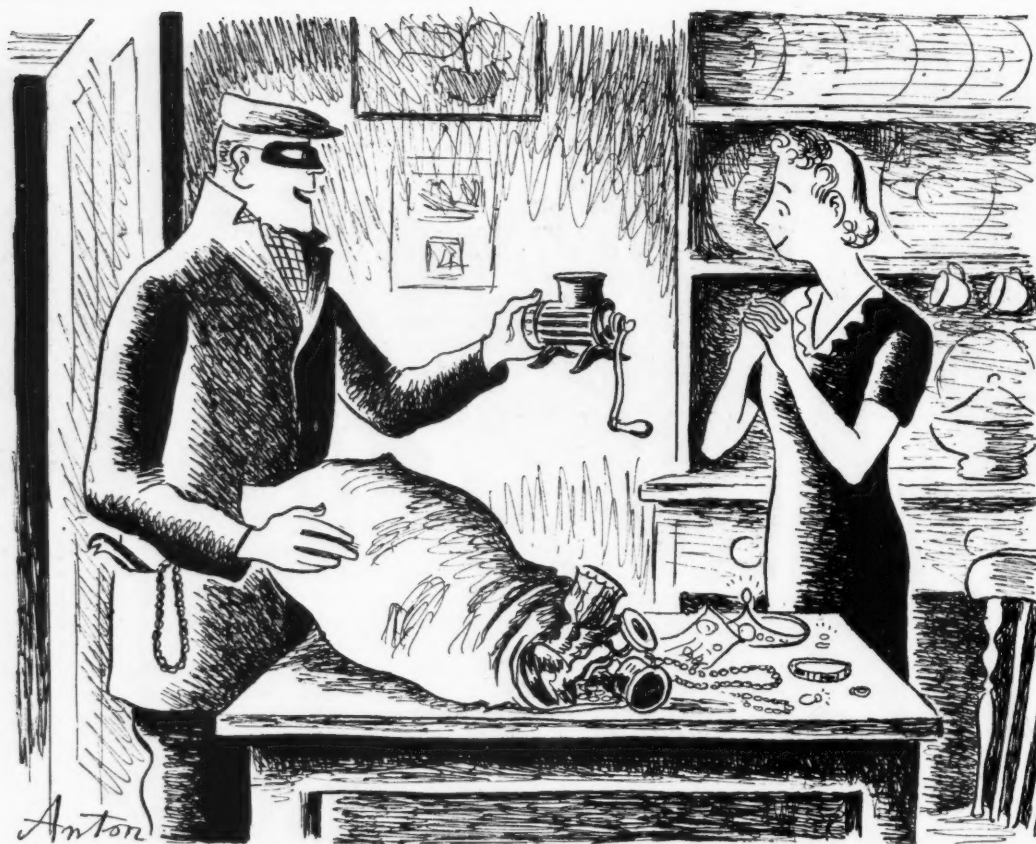
"The Labour Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, one of the most powerful figures in the Coalition Government and the man who organised and was virtually dictator of Britain's war effort personnel of 22 million people is succeeded by Mr. Richard, a butler who was President of the Board of Education in the Coalition Government."

Indian paper.



SATURATED

"Poor old Blighty's getting it again."



"I remembered your birthday, dear."

Undelivered Speech

MR. SPEAKER, sir, the Honourable Member who has just sat down spoke with some contempt of what he called the "dead languages"—that is, Latin and Greek; and, if we understand him rightly, he is one of those who do not think it worth while for any of the young to spend any time upon the study of these ancient languages any more.

Sir, we have heard such slighting complaints before. But in this, of all places—this House of Commons, they seem to be ill-found and unfitting. Few of us open our mouths here without pouring forth Greek and Latin words, consciously or no; and if we examine closely our surroundings, our proceedings, we are continually reminded of the debt that we owe to the "dead" languages.

Sir, we are Honourable Members of the House of Commons, of the British Parliament, in session in this Chamber in the month of June. We represent constituencies, we express the opinions of the people. Some of us are Ministers, Members of His Majesty's Government, holding office under the Crown. I notice with satisfaction that the Prime Minister, the Chancellor, the Minister for Education, the Secretary of State for War, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster are present. I see the Serjeant-at-Arms and the Clerks at the Table. Above us are the journalists, reporting our proceedings. I am directing this oration towards the microphone, because the acoustics are deplorable and I am frequently inaudible.

I have here, sir, the Order Paper for

June 8th, page 2067. On this page there are commas, colons, semi-colons, all the instruments of punctuation, including full points and asterisks. I have also a Public Bill. This Bill has a preamble: it contains clauses and paragraphs and provisos, and lines, and a schedule. When the Bill becomes an Act the clauses will be known as sections, and the sub-clauses will be sub-sections. After the preamble Honourable Members will observe these words: "Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same, as follows:"

These words begin—or, as some prefer, commence—all our Bills and Acts. There are thirteen words of more

than one syllable; and twelve of those are derived from the Latin.

On the Order Paper are *Motions, Resolutions and Amendments*. On these there may be a discussion and a division—i.e., a vote.

On the page to which I referred there are approximately 200 words. Of these there are only about 35 of which you can confidently assert that they have nothing to do with Latin or Greek. Well, look at them: *Supply—Committee—(Supplementary Vote of Credit) . . . Report (Civil Estimates, Supplementary Estimates, 1945, Class VI, Vote 16th (New Services)) . . . Family Allowances Bill; As amended to be considered . . . Statutory Orders (Special Procedure) Bill;—Second Reading . . . Agriculture (Artificial Insemination) . . . Parliamentary Elections (War-time Registration) Act . . . Notices of Motions Relating to Orders of the Day*. I will weary you no more, sir, with particular examples: but there it is—five out of every six of the words on this one page are Latin.

That, of course, may be attributed to the antiquity of Parliament and the solemnity of our proceedings. But, if we look outside, the picture is not notably different. We are now preparing for a General Election. And what are the questions that divide the disputants, and to a lesser extent, the phlegmatic people, for whose suffrages we are competing? They are such problems as the Nationalization of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange, Social Security, Inflation or Deflation of the Currency, the domination of monopolies, the future of our industries, Imperial Preference, the nature of democracy, the limits of Liberty, international co-operation, commercial co-ordination, financial equilibrium, federal associations, unilateral actions, dictators, republics, monarchs, the proletariat, Socialists, Nationals, Conservatives, and Liberals. Even that most modern of all Societies, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, must confess that three of the four words composing its name are Latin.

In every political crisis men rush to the dead languages. There is a moratorium, a bonus, or a quota, a datum line, maximum hours or minimum wages. (Recently the papers have been full of referendum and veto.) The solution of the problem (or dilemma) is expressed in a memorandum, or maybe in an interim report. It is put on the agenda at a conference, though some assert that the offer is not bona fide, mere propaganda and put the onus on the other party. They insist upon a quid pro quo, and complain that Mr. Smith has no locus standi. This or that

is a pre-requisite or a sine qua non, a basic ration, a per capita grant or an ad valorem duty; and of course all these arguments are reported verbatim.

But, sir, someone may say "You quote the politicians. It is far otherwise with ordinary intelligent citizens outside—the men of science, of commerce, of the professions."

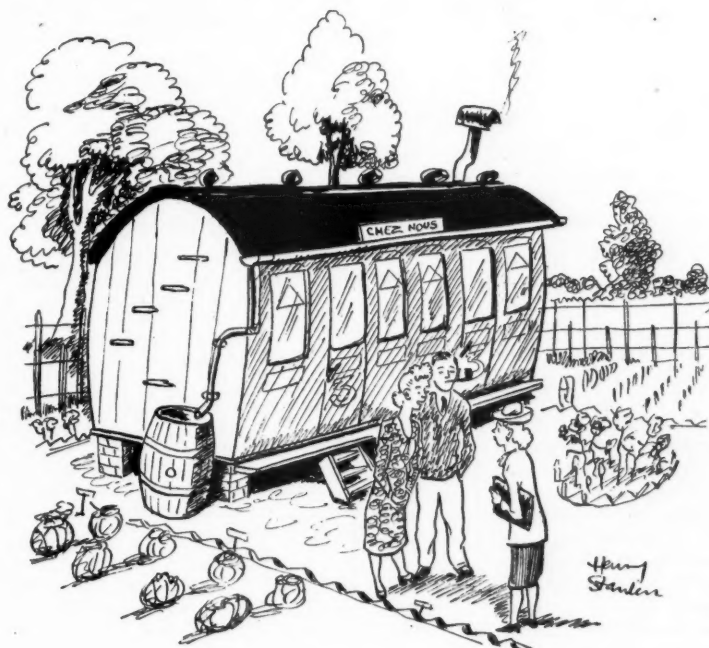
On the contrary, sir, every new invention has a Greek or Latin name. The theatre and the gramophone give way to the cinema, and that to radio and television. The doctors make popular the calory, the vitamin, rheumatism, catarrh, neuritis, psycho-analysis and the inferiority complex. The simple citizen is familiar with a bicycle, a motor, an aeroplane, an omnibus, a biplane, an auditorium, hippodrome, totalizer, or arena.

As for the men of commerce, their animated correspondence is peppered with "dead" words—with *inst.* and *ult.* and *prox.*, *per annum*, *per centum*, *per contra*, *pro forma*, *pro rata*, and *re*, with *premium* and *par* and *dividend* and *interest*, with *gratis*, *pro tempore*, *nem. con.*, and *quorum* and *ex officio*, and *vice*, and *vice versa*. They complain of *anno domini* and make appointments *a.m.* and *p.m.* (*D.V.*). Most of their communications end with a *postscriptum*.

In legal circles, of course, the case is

even stronger. The decree *nisi*, *habeas corpus*, *ultra vires*, *felo de se*, *sine die*, *post mortem*, *obiter dictum*, *subpoena*, *de jure*, *de recto*, *per se*, *ad hoc*, *in forma pauperis*, *in loco parentis*, *non compos mentis*, *in flagrante delicto*, *alibi*, and *ad lib.* are no strangers to the common people.

In short, sir, the "dead" languages are fairly lively in our land; and I suggest that in every public school, elementary or secondary, some time should be devoted to them. I do not mean, of course, the kind of intensive study of the great classical schools. There is not the time, or the need, for that. I am not now urging that some knowledge of the "dead" languages gives a heightened appreciation and enjoyment of our English literature, nor am I thinking of their merits as a mental discipline. I am simply saying that no man can read even the news columns in the popular papers with proper understanding unless he has some acquaintance with the roots in common use. How many citizens, for example, are taught at school, the meaning of "tele" in "telegram" or "telephone"? Or "drome" in "hippodrome"? The consequence is, sir, that some wretched barbarian is permitted to erect near my home a monstrosity called a "Holidrome." A. P. H.



"It's really quite comfy—the only drawback is that it's a non-smoker."

At the Pictures

WITHOUT going on too long or hammering away at its points, *The Way to the Stars* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH) succeeds exceptionally well in suggesting change, the passage of time and the development of character—all those things, so rarely attained in films, that are comprehended in such words as "depth" and "breadth." It is a more emotional essay in the same key as *The Way Ahead*, and I think almost equally well of it; not for a long time have I seen a film so satisfying, so memorable, or so successful in evoking the precise mood and atmosphere of the recent past, so effective in showing how one mood melts into the next. It is the story of an airfield in England, first in the hands of the R.A.F., then taken over by the U.S.A.A.F., finally (as we see it in the first moments of the film) abandoned, "after the war," with torn paper fluttering on the wire and the huts dusty and neglected but full of trifling signs, for those who know the story, of their former tenants. (I agree with Miss C. A. Lejeune that this early tour of the camp would be worth repeating at the end of the film, when we can identify these signs and recall how they sum up the story. The evocation of what may be called "nostalgia" is a part of the film's strength, and this would intensify its impression and round it off.)

The excellent playing, the credible story, the authentic and often amusing dialogue and the confident, skilful direction combine to make a piece I strongly recommend and would willingly see again. The false notes—a touch of caricature in the lighter moments, a yielding to the temptation to satisfy one's craving for that long-awaited, cathartic telling-off scene between the girl and her aunt—are of negligible importance. A positive and very unusual



[The Way to the Stars]

A NON-FRATERNIZER

Johnny Hollis DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY



[Salty O'Rourke]

DIRTY WORK

Johnny Cate STANLEY CLEMENTS
Smitty WILLIAM DEMAREST
Salty O'Rourke ALAN LADD

virtue is the honest and funny detail—genuinely honest, and funny for both sides—in the scenes involving Anglo-American reactions. There is a big cast, but I won't pick anyone out for praise: the great value of the picture comes from its teamwork, its general effect.

In its way almost equally entertaining, but by comparison not worth making or bothering to see, is *Salty O'Rourke* (Director: RAOUL WALSH), which is still one more variation of the story that is mainly designed to work up your interest in a climactic horse-race. Entertaining for the moment: you are left with nothing except the recollection that you were interested at the time. I admit that, for still another horse-race story, that is saying a good deal; but this one does have points of freshness. It presents ALAN LADD as a gangster to whom it is vitally important that his horse shall win: vitally, for he will be rubbed out by a book-maker (BRUCE CABOT) if it doesn't. Moreover there is only one jockey who can ride this unruly horse, and he has been barred from riding; so he has to be got to pose as his young brother, which means that according to the law he must attend school, and the teacher is (of all people) GAIL RUSSELL . . . You see that no invention has been spared.

The title might suggest that the film concentrates on *Salty* (Mr. LADD) as a character, but certainly it does no such thing; it takes no trouble with him at all. He begins as a crafty, unscrupulous love-'em-and-leave-'em gangster, but when he ends in the arms of a good girl we are supposed to believe that all will now go well. No; the story neither encourages nor bears examination. It's often amusing and exciting and, particularly in some smaller parts (STANLEY CLEMENTS as the unpleasant little jockey, WILLIAM DEMAREST as *Salty's* henchman), well played, but it's just hokum R. M.

From the "Brain-Workers' Weekly"

Competition No. 999. Set by Edgar Whelk

COMPETITORS are invited to write not more than three sonnets celebrating the virtues of compromise in the manner of one of the following: Mahomet, Aneurin Bevan, Lord Vansittart, Torquemada and Cato. The usual prizes and no more than the usual prizes will be offered.

Result of Competition No. 914

Set by Randolph de Peveril

Prizes amounting to two guineas may be awarded for the best English rendering of the following couplet of Jean de la Fontaine:

*Maître corbeau sur un arbre perché
Tenait en son bec un fromage.*

Report by Randolph de Peveril:

"I apologize for a misprint in the setting of this competition: 'dans' should be 'en.' Few competitors were seriously embarrassed by this and it was unnecessary to make allowances for them. Entries fell into two main groups—those which stuck fairly closely to the original and aimed at literal reproduction and those which transposed the verse into its English equivalent in thought and feeling. Of the first class few reached the level one expects from one's readers, though but for a slight inaccuracy in his second line Sir Waldo Hospodar would certainly have been in the running for a prize: 'tenait' is Imperfect, not Future. In the second group the following were easily the best: Ultima Thule's Blues, Savrola's Basic English Coronach, Poldy's Coventry Patmore (a good idea) and St. J. de P.-H.'s nostalgic evocation of English cheeses. Sporus is disqualified for not reading the terms of the competition: Sanskrit was not admissible. I recommend that prizes be divided between Mad Carew, Methusaleh and Legrandin."

PRIZES

I stand at the gate of the wood,
With the beech-mast scattered
below;
And the rook with the worm it has
pouched
Dodges its mate in the snow.

Mad Carew.

Th' Orient birde on Upas tree
With antic glee
Did toothsome dainty suck
When Jove's small bombard struck
Both it and hee.

Methusaleh.



"Of COURSE that means 'e's full up—you don't think 'e's doing that to show 'e can drive with no 'ands . . ."

Beneath this corbelled roof
The Beaks at their Stilton
Applaud Alma Mater for re-
enthronement
Of Æolian Milton.

Legrandin.

Result of Competition No. 128 (delayed)
Set by Superior Dosset

Prizes or portions of prizes are
offered for Clerihews on wines.

Report by Superior Dosset:

"As the entries ran into some thousands I was in hopes of being introduced to many rare vintages hitherto unknown to me; but most of the entries

stuck to Barsac. I recommend that third prizes be awarded to Simplon, for his neat and witty word-play, and to Ole Ben Ezra. Will Melisande please send her address, and photograph."

PRIZES

Invalid port
Ought
Without fail
To be known as Invalid A(i)l(e).
Simplon.

Barsac wine
And Columbine,
Quelle joie,
Ma foi!

Ole Ben Ezra.



"Well, I can't make up my mind which side to vote for, either, but I'm not letting THAT prevent me from doing my duty."

I Can Hear Music.

I CAN hear music from a long way off. Faint it is, but there are people stopping to listen, pausing in the middle of their work to turn their heads towards the unrecognizable tune.

It is not much of a sound at the moment; but everywhere, all over the world, there are stiff hands stretching out to grope for slack-stringed violins and tarnished trumpets, for out-of-tune pianos and reedless bassoons.

There is a snapping open of velvet cases, and a whisking of green baize off the keys, and a tinkle of rosin on to the parquet floor. There is a moistening of lips grown dry with words of command, and a trembling of fingers rigid from rifle's rim.

The voices are lifted again, uncertain, strange, but coming towards us every day from the seas and the desert lands, the dark lands where singing has been muffled under the sad beat of the drums. Soon we shall know the tune, and shall run to our doors as the orchestras thunder by with bright bugles blowing, to join in the song which though lost was never forgotten, the heart, like an uncaged bird, winging to God. V. G.

Fearsome Foursome

IF I am asked by my grandchildren what was the most sensational hole I ever saw played on a golf-course I shall tell them about the hole that Wilson, Ferrers-Pyne, James and I played last Tuesday evening. So much for the future. For the present—since grandchildren rarely ask the sort of questions their grandparents would like them to ask—I had better make sure that the story is not lost for ever by setting it down briefly here.

The first hole at the Manor is just an average four-hundred-yarder, with no special difficulty about it. A straight clip down the middle leaves your ball a comfortable eighty yards from the ditch which crosses the fairway more or less at right angles. Then with an easily-swung No. 3—though some take a 4 and others again prefer a controlled spoon-shot—you are on the green hoping for a three.

Of course if you pull your drive badly or slice it you are in the rough, and if you pull it slightly or push it out a trifle you are in one of the two bunkers that flank the fairway. Or if you top the ball you are likely to fall on stony ground. Or again, if you miss it completely you are still on the tee. And so on. I am only saying that if you play the hole perfectly there is no reason why you shouldn't get a four. Rumour has it that this has actually been done.

The extraordinary manner in which this hole was played last Tuesday by Wilson, Ferrers-Pyne, James and myself is therefore all the more surprising.

"Your beat, Wilson," said James, and Wilson, who likes to go first at the first hole, probably to make sure of doing it at least once during the round, teed up and drove. In practice a drive by Wilson is a rather more protracted process than that, but I omit the address, which in Wilson's case is rather longer than that presented to Their Majesties by Parliament. The ball went very high indeed and fell in the rough at an angle of forty-five degrees to the off and at an estimated distance of a hundred and fifty yards.

"You sliced it a bit," said Ferrers-Pyne.

James is on his day perhaps the best golfer of the four, and there was general surprise and delight when his ball was seen to take the same direction as Wilson's.

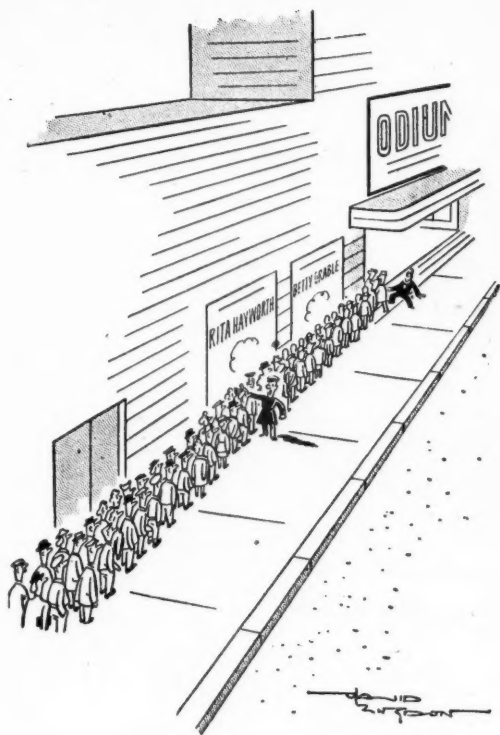
"Left foot too far from the ball," explained James. None of the rest of us would have noticed a thing like that, but James is a thoughtful golfer and can always put his finger on the weak spot in a shot. One wonders sometimes why he doesn't use this gift of his to make the necessary correction before playing the shot rather than after, but we don't suggest the idea to him for fear of improving his game.

"Now, Ferrers-Pyne," I said. "Don't hang about. Get on with it." I spoke rather sharply, because he has a tiresome habit of pretending to clean his ball, or light a pipe, when it's his turn to play, simply because he likes to go last. This time he was tying a shoe-lace round the binding on his niblick. "You won't need your niblick for another half-dozen shots," I pointed out.

"Why not go yourself?" he said.

There was no need to reply to this because Ferrers-Pyne knows perfectly well that I always play last. So I simply swung my club about and waited. The result of this purposeless waste of time was that instead of starting off in a confident, carefree mood, which is the secret of successful golf, he played a huffy sort of shot and brought off a slice which, but for the fact that Wilson and James had played already, would have been quite exceptional.

I teed up my ball, with the happy feeling that all I had



"All in front of my arm, right about turn, pause, and then disperse quietly, please."

to do was to keep on the fairway and the hole was mine. But unfortunately I put my ball down the wrong way round, so that I had to halt in the middle of my third waggle and adjust it. There is one particularly wide crack in my ball which has the effect of a toothless grin. If I put this crack on the far side I can sometimes forget about it and play my natural game, but no sensitive golfer can hope to avoid fussing when the grin is towards him.

It may have been this interruption, or it may have been a subconscious feeling that as I should have to go off with the others anyway to help them look for their balls I might as well play my second from the same area, but whatever the reason I did push my drive out a little.

"You dropped your right shoulder," said James.

"Right shoulder my left foot!" I said.

"That also," he said.

We trudged off together into the rough. I suppose the chances against finding all four balls lying close up together in a tussock, like a clutch of pheasant's eggs, must be about a million to one. But there they were—fewer in number than the average clutch, but not dissimilar in colour, and in one case (mine) with the yolk beginning to ooze through the shell.

We looked at them in some awe. Ferrers-Pyne, who has been well brought up, said we ought not to take more than one, in case the mother should desert. Wilson wanted to write to the papers about it, asking whether any of their readers had had a similar experience. But James and I, plain straightforward golfers, only pointed out that Wilson's ball was furthest from the hole and that if he

disturbed any of the other three balls while playing his shot he would lose the hole. This may not be the rule, but it seemed a good point to make.

However, the others would not agree, and in the end we rather tamely dropped our balls a yard or two apart and played on. We were all out on the fairway again in five, except Ferrers-Pyne, who got into difficulties and took six. Then we all hit exemplary spoon-shots into the ditch—except Wilson, that is, who got there with a No. 2.

"I suppose," said James, as we all picked out, "that the next thing will be we shall find all four balls crammed together in the hole."

Will you believe me if I say that that is exactly what happened? No? Very well then, we may as well stick to the truth for the present, and leave the more satisfactory version to be told later to my eager grandchildren. What in fact happened was that all four balls trickled back into the stream again and were eaten by pike. Except, to tell the truth, Ferrers-Pyne's, which was taken by a small roach.

H. F. E.

The Last Straw

"A movie was being shown one night under the trees in a camp area where I was stationed," he writes. "A good many soldiers were seated on logs watching it when a great commotion suddenly occurred among them and there was a mad scramble. They stopped the show and turned on the lights, and investigated to find that a 25th python had fallen out of a tree on to the men's heads."

N.Z. paper.





"Mind you, I shan't be altogether sorry to obliterate this last year's tan."

Not Balaam's

IT was a wedding feast.
The guests were there *en masse*:
Among them, not the least,
The bride's beloved ass.
She loved him well, that moke;
From childhood's early years
'Twas aye her joy to stroke
His nose and scratch his ears,
And her resolve was firm
That she would not be wed
Without what one might term
A blessing from her Ned.

Now Uncle William stood
Up with a festive air
To give the toast of good
Luck to the happy pair.
All were agog to clink
A glass; but Edward, he,
Aloof without a drink,
Glowered on the company;

But see, where comes a pail,
A goodly pail wherein
Rides a rich draught of ale
Laced with a touch of gin.

The wary donkey sipped
The unfamiliar brew,
Looked round and deeplier dipped
His head and tried anew;
Then, obviously stirred,
Went at it with a will
Not waiting till the word
Was given by Uncle Bill
Who, when about to reach
The climax of the day,
Was joined by such a screech,
So jubilant a bray,
Rising again, again,
Exulting more and more,
That made all protest vain—
The donkey held the floor.

The guests were awed and
still
In fear that each new
snort
Might do for Uncle Bill,
A man of heavy port,
But he, no whit depressed,
Came to a sudden end
And bellowed "For the rest,
I'll leave it to our friend."
'Twas done. The vinous ass
Achieved one last great cry,
And all upraised a glass
And took their time
thereby.

A triumph, one might think,
Yet, in a way, a flop.
He only couldn't drink;
He hadn't left a drop.

DUM-DUM.



THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

"And, brothers, may those at home in India mark the way we do it."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, June 11th.—House of Commons: Triumph for Miss Rathbone.

Tuesday, June 12th.—House of Commons: Sir John Starts Something.

Wednesday, June 13th.—House of Commons: Mr. Churchill Stops it.

Thursday, June 14th.—House of Commons: The End Approaches.

Friday, June 15th.—Both Houses: The End.

Monday, June 11th.—There was about the House of Commons to-day the air that descends on a theatre after a long—if somewhat patchy—run. Ministers and Back-benchers went about sticking metaphorical strips on the playbills, announcing that this was positively the last week of the record run of nearly ten years, and that, come Friday, His Majesty would prorogue Parliament.

Just as in the theatre, the stars wore the confident air of those who knew they would not be "resting" long, but were sure of a place in the next stupendous production. Others wore the slightly anxious expressions of those who have known the round of the agents and the uncertainties of the polling booths.

However, until the curtain falls on Friday, the show must go on, so those performers who were present got down to it. The Home Secretary, Sir DONALD SOMERVELL, successfully steered into law the Treason Bill, which is intended to simplify and modernize the trial of those charged with treason. Mr. ATTLEE commented that the need for specially elaborate procedure was now less acute than it was in the days of long ago when Governments (in this country) were apt to use a charge of treason as a means of "bumping off" an Opposition. Everybody laughed—just to emphasize that those methods *did* belong to the long-ago.

Then Mr. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, making his first appearance as Minister of National Insurance, had the pleasant task of announcing alterations in the Family Allowances Bill which made its passage certain.

The changes ensured that soldiers, sailors and airmen, and disabled men, receive the 5s.-a-week family allowances for all their children except the first. Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, from the Opposition front bench, gave the traditional thanks for the "few nuts" offered by Mr. HORE-BELISHA—but, as in duty bound (the election being so near), added the traditionally cautious

comment that "they are few, ain't they, lady?"

One or two other speakers praised the Bill with faint damns, but all were agreed in handing the largest and brightest bouquet to Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, Independent Member for the Combined English Universities, who began to campaign for family allowances as far back in history as 1912. Now, at last, triumph had come. But she felt constrained to add a gentle "Hear, hear!" to Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE's remark about the sparsity of the nuts.

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL wound up the proceedings with an



MRS. GAMP GETS BUSY.

"The birth-rate had been rising since 1941 and last year was the highest since 1925."
The Minister of Health.

unsolicited testimonial to his own foresight in naval matters and a generous tribute to an essay he had written many years ago on the subject of naval preparedness. Nobody seconded.

Tuesday, June 12th.—Sir JOHN ANDERSON, whose normal path lies in the quiet of the Treasury, found himself in the rapids of pre-election whirlpools. He got up in what he would call "all good faith" to reply to an innocent-looking question by Mr. GERALD PALMER, whether Servicemen on leave would be able to take an active part in the election.

But he added that candidates would be allowed to wear uniform in the contest, while others taking part in meetings would not. Sir JOHN sat down with a dazed expression when the

cyclone from the Opposition benches hit him. People bawled at him, at the Deputy-Speaker and at each other. They made so much noise that the proceedings resembled an old-fashioned hustings, which, in the circumstances, is probably not a bad comparison.

Sir JOHN mopped his brow. He is not used to such vigour, and he found that for once the stern glance and the steam-roller manner did not answer. He tried to go on with the answers to questions, but found that the Opposition shouted him down. So he sat down, pained surprise in every feature.

It was impossible, owing to the din, to give the answers to the remaining questions on the paper, but Mr. Deputy-Speaker was having quite a time with the points of order and the general *dis-order*. Mr. SHINWELL shouted himself hoarse about something which was not heard above the general shouting. Mr. Deputy-Speaker tried his best to reply. Sir JOHN looked on in astonishment, wondering what it was all about.

Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL dashed about the House, jumping up from one bench after another to shout: "Point of order!" but getting no further.

Just then the Prime Minister arrived (he had been honouring General EISENHOWER in the City of London) and tried to calm the troubled House. But for once even he was not immediately successful; Sir JOHN had spilled too great a "bibful." There was a lot more shouting and counter-shouting. In the end, however, it was arranged that the whole matter of uniforms should be looked into again, and everybody went out to buy voice pastilles.

The founders of the feast, Mr. PALMER and Sir JOHN, went forth with them. Strange things happen when elections loom.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Mr. CHURCHILL gained an all-Party cheer by announcing that Sir JOHN ANDERSON's statement of the previous day about uniforms in the election was to be completely reversed. Seeing Sir JOHN's startled expression, he sportingly added that the decision had been his own—Mr. CHURCHILL's.

Now, candidates will *not* be allowed to wear uniforms, and Service people who want to take a greater part in political meetings than asking questions—and non-Party ones at that!—must be out of uniform too.

But Mr. CHURCHILL added that he did not think there would be too close a scrutiny in the matter, which suggested to the knowing "a certain latitude" in the interpretation of the



"We shall have to spend the night in the open, dear—the caravanserai hasn't been de-requisitioned yet."

rule. Sir JOHN looked on in silent admiration, clearly wondering how so much calm could have been got out of so much noise.

All was well that ended well, and Mr. CHURCHILL was able to leave things to look after themselves. There was a lot of fierce talk, much of it from Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, his subject being the never-failing one: Lord BEAVERBROOK, his plots and schemes and deeds.

The subject for debate was nominally "trade aspects," and close listeners noticed that it was mentioned once or twice.

Thursday, June 14th.—Mr. CHURCHILL (considerably interrupted by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN) announced that he proposed to ask Mr. ATTLEE to accompany him to the next meeting of the Big Three—just in case.

Friday, June 15th.—His Majesty's speech proroguing Parliament was read by a Royal Commission, and the session ended. So did this ten-years-old Parliament. It was as if we had ended a chapter in the History of Britain.

Memo to Inspector

DEAR MR. LITTLE,—Your committee's findings about our Grammar School have caused more bother than plenty. The idea of degrading it to a mere third-rate secondary school is, in the first place, a smack through the keyhole for those who trusted you. It is not that we have anything against letting the general run of scholars have the run of its precincts, but we do feel that the class of boy hitherto picked out for the school has picked up enough without having a transfusion of wild blood. On the surface you find the boys off colour, but if you had stopped with them more than five minutes you would find a depth to their characters that goes further down than their mere position on a chart.

We have been noted for the type of teachers we have had through the centuries, and an examination of them will reveal, if nothing else, that they are in a class by themselves if only in

self-defence. There was an encouraging sign last week of a pioneering spirit on the part of our scholars too, when the head prefect volunteered to lecture to the Plonkford Philosophical Society on the habits of the Buggywuggy tribe. But now the wind has been taken out of his sales-talk, and more than one scholar has expressed the fear that in future employers will, on learning that a boy has come from here, simply give him a job without so much as by your leaving certificate.

These walls have stood the test of some of the most ingenious brains this country can produce, and it is not for nothing that the school is noised abroad with a hush of awe. It is only within its stately passages that Mr. Tingle can find words strong enough to express his feelings at the idea of this landmark of culture being defaced with the tidemark of mere educational practice.

J. TINGLE, *Campus Caucas.*

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

XVIII—C'est la Guerre!

SOON after the romantic happenings of the last chapter, when Mipsie saved Goulashia from the gory fangs of revolution, other troubles descended upon my poor sister which were to make her hate the very name of marriage. Chief among them was the engagement of her step-son, Prince Michel, and the end of the friendship which had perhaps been the happiest part of her life. "Mich is going to marry that horrible little Xenia Nastikoff," she wrote despairingly to me in 1911, "and I, who love every inch of him, am thrust aside, without even a settlement to remember him by." This tragic betrayal from one to whom she had indeed given amazing devotion for a step-mother, seemed to have the effect of drawing Mipsie closer to her husband, who was now a complete invalid, his mind wandering in a most distressing manner, and for the three long weary years which remained to her of his life she scarcely left his side. She was rewarded by finding herself, at his death in 1914, quite comfortably off, and for the first time able to afford little comforts that mean so much to a woman—an extra car or two, and more than just the one tiara. (Many a time during her hard life has she been reduced to a few bare evening gowns, scarcely enough to hold body and legs together.) She settled down very comfortably at Biarritz, where the simple seaside life appealed to her after the formal splendours of Ekaterinbog, and her colour, drained from her cheeks by Fedor's dimly-lit sick-room, soon turned to a lovely peach bloom under the dazzling lights of the Casino.

My dear readers will guess what shattered that brief respite. War—which came with such appalling suddenness to us all. I myself shall never forget that terrible day, which was graven doubly on my mind by a small Bengers tragedy. A favourite sow of Addle's had just presented her boar with a fine litter of eight piglets. But some germ must have attacked the poor little things, for by the evening five of them had died. Next day my husband came to me with a look on his face which betokened bad news. "What is it?" I asked in alarm. "Is it the children—?" "No, my dear," he answered gravely. "The rest of the litter has died and we are at war."

But to return to Mipsie. Those who have appraised my sister's character through these pages will sense without any word of mine that her war career was vivid in the extreme. Strange tales are told of her during those fearful years—how a German spy once lay under her bed, jotting down notes, for one whole night; how she was seen in Brussels on Armistice Day seated in a gun-carriage drawn entirely by generals. It is said that one should believe only half that is told, so these rumours may be false. Though somebody once said of Mipsie that you can believe 150 per cent., double it, and then add the number you first thought of!

It was some time before my sister found her real niche in the war, and though, like all of us, she threw herself into work from the start, her early efforts were somewhat unlucky. She began by working in the Censor Office, but left early in 1915 owing to a stupid misunderstanding on their part, so typical of official red tape.

There was a certain Parliamentary Under-secretary at that time—I will call him Lord X—who seemed indeed to have every qualification for success: youth, good looks, money, brains. He was already forecast for a ministerial post in Government circles. Mipsie had met him several times and formed the same high opinion of him. What was her disappointment, therefore, to have a long letter pass through her hands at the Censor Office, from Lord X to a young V.A.D. in France, containing an offer of marriage. The girl was a complete nobody, with, obviously, none of the qualities suited to the wife of a coming man, who needed someone of intelligence and social brilliance—such as, for instance, Mipsie's delightful daughter Millie, aged twenty-four, who was working then at the Admiralty. My sister could not bear to think that a great career, possibly a future prime minister, might be ruined by the wrong marriage, so she deleted the proposal, and cleverly contrived to censor the letters that followed, which demanded, naturally, why the girl had never replied to his first offer. Meanwhile, Mipsie arranged that Lord X and Millie should see plenty of each other, and I am convinced—suffering from pique and loneliness as he was—that another week would have seen the young

couple happily engaged, when unfortunately the V.A.D. was taken ill and invalidated home. The whole facts of the censored letters somehow came out and were unluckily attributed to Mipsie, who was requested to resign from the Censor Office in consequence.

She left with a sick heart, reflecting, as many great men must have reflected in the past when their noble plans for their country's welfare had gone astray, how hard is Britannia's shield, how cruelly sharp her spear. M. D.

Les Hair-Cuts

NAVAL Party 20000, that band of chair-borne brothers, is sometimes hard put to it to maintain the crispness of appearance traditionally associated with Our Boys In Blue. In particular, the question of hair-cuts. Even though the Navy is the sole service repository of the beard, this does not imply a general or uncurbed hairiness, and the occipital feathers are worn trimmed. Here at Pérnod-les-Douches this characteristic scrupulousness involves us in a grim decision. Shall we, to put it briefly, suffer the attentions of Corporal Duffle, Royal Marines, or is it to be M. Xavier in the Rue Gambetta?

We are fairly equally divided on the question. The signalmen, those briny Brummells, plump for Xavier in spite of the hour-and-a-half's footwork involved in getting to and returning from his *salon*. The whole of the rest of the Staff—roughly as many heads—choose, or rather accept, Duffle. Myself—the Staff Liaison Officer (Pongoes)—short title S.L.O.P.—I am in neither camp and still undecided.

Three weeks ago it was Corporal Duffle. For the last time I had looked in the glass and said "It will go another day"; this time it wouldn't. I was finally haircut-worthy and I acted. I phoned the Guard Room and engaged Duffle to attend me between the two large W/T caravans at 1430, I to provide a chair. We met, on time.

The process was of a basic simplicity. I sat on my chair. Corporal Duffle produced a well-loved off-white towel, rag or dish-cloth, and rammed it inside my collar where it first hurt and

then tickled. There was some rain. He said "Quite spring-like, sir, this 'ere." He did not—repeat not—ask me how I liked it done; he is a realist, is Duffle. He just whipped out a pair of clippers—an heirloom from some Nelsonian Duffle, I imagine—and ran up my head and over the top and down the other side in successive swathes, starting in the middle; so that, with the first trip, protest, let alone modification, was futureless. He was also, in keeping with Marine tradition, left-handed. The operation lasted three minutes, at the end of which time he yanked the rag, cloth or towel out of my collar (breaking my last back-stud), shook it over my uniform, put the clippers in his trousers pocket and said "There you are, sir." I had, it was apparent, had mine. I struggled to my cabin and looked with deep psychological musings at the criminal cretin facing me in the mirror. I decided on hard work as the only cure and for a week kept a long way away from all Wrens; I lived as a man apart. This was good for work, but I aged a lot.

Yesterday for the last time I looked in the glass and said "It will go another day." To-day I acted. First I disposed of all work, by the simple process of exchanging the labels on my "In" and "Out" trays. Next I warned Depslop, my deputy, to be sure to use the word "conference" and not "meeting" to inquirers—whether friend or customer. Then having shifted into marching boots and walking-stick I tackled the *pavé*.

M. Xavier, I found, has the arrangements the most simple. I mean there is no difficulty in deciding which is the ladies' department and which is the gentlemen's. On one side of his sole room or *salon* are barber's chairs with men in them and on the other side are less comfortable chairs with women on them. M. Xavier and friend shave, etc., the men, while Mme. Xavier and daughter do strange works, etc., upon the women. Both M. and Mme. intermittently sell things at a central cash-desk affair.

I was, I admit, fascinated. In the mirror in front of me I saw women of haughty coiffure come literally unstuck, turn into aborigines and get re-formed into civilized shape. I saw words like "teinture" and "indéfrisable" take concrete form. I am wiser, and my hair is sympathetically arranged. But I think I prefer Corporal Duffle. Some things there are should not be seen of man.

There was, however, one endearing touch. When M. Xavier had given me



"Churchill's speaking—down in the messroom."

the last sympathetic snip and I had refused the last sympathetic invitation to have my hair and/or face further treated by complex processes, there arose the question of a tip. I had no small change and it appeared he hadn't either. I had the inspiration to give him three or four cigarettes and I said I hoped he would overlook this black-market transaction. "But, monsieur," he answered, "it is not of black market

at all! Quite simply it is only of lend-lease!"

There are points about M. Xavier, too.

Fantastic Accusation

"Insp. Meek added that a few minutes later Osborn accused him of having stood on his feet. The allegation was quite untrue."

West London paper.

At the Play

"JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL"
(PICCADILLY)

THEY are staying at the same hotel in Paris just before France falls: Colonel Tadeusz Boleslav Stjerbinsky, a daunting heraldic device of a man, Polish eagle crossed with fretful porpentine, and S. L. Jacobowsky, non-pareil of refugees, whose life has been one migration after another. To the warrior the little Jew barely exists. But Jacobowsky has never fretted about trifles. The time is perilous. He finds a car; he finds petrol; he persuades the Colonel (who at any rate can drive) to take the wheel. Although they set off in the wrong direction, they are at length well upon the road to the south. With them go the Colonel's adored French girl Marianne (the reason for the detour), and a rough-haired terrier of a Polish batman. Sewn inside Marianne's hat-box are despatches for the Polish Government in London—to be delivered to a Man With Grey Gloves in a café at St. Jean de Luz.

The first act is alight with promise. FRANZ WERFEL—the original author—and his adapter, Mr. S. N. BEHRMAN, have here two dominating characters. Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE (man-at-arms) and Mr. KAREL STEPANEK (eternal refugee) put them before us with clear, rapid strokes. On our right, the cavalry colonel, obstinate, bristling, poker-stiff, a man with "one of the finest minds of the fifteenth century." On our left, the stateless Jew who has had to keep moving all his life, but who has never lost the ingenuity and the philosophic calm that are to mean so much on the journey south.

We have the people then, but is the play about them to be a theatrical frisk, a gauntlet-running across France, or is it to be simply a study in character, a contrast between the rigidity of the Colonel and the readiness of the Jew? There may be also some symbolism to consider. (The Colonel can represent feudal Poland and the old order; Jacobowsky, the wisdom and patience of his race; Marianne, the

true soul of France.) The authors, we feel, do not get far enough down any of their paths. The piece has neither the speed nor the invention for a play of cut-and-thrust, and its exploration of character halts suddenly. The refugees remain our friends; Jacobowsky wins the Colonel's respect; but these later scenes add little to the first act. There are of course incidental humours and excitements—an oration by a brigadier of gendarmerie, a plan for a ridiculous duel, two escapes from the Gestapo (honours in the first to

Jacobowsky holds his faith when all the sway of earth shakes like a thing unfirm.) For the rest, Mr. REDGRAVE, as the play's director, has marshalled his cast to admiration. Miss RACHEL KEMPSON is too pale as the Marianne who, in the last scene certainly, is identifiable with France; but Mr. DAVID BIRD, with his syrupy relish, is in grand form as both the brigadier of gendarmerie—foe when he is on duty, friend when he is off—and, towards the close, as one of France's less potent Senators. Mr. FRITH

BANBURY's Gestapo man has a smiling diablerie and falls with a crash of musical honours, and there is an alert performance by Mr. JOSEPH ALMAS as the orderly who follows the Colonel's heels. That urgent actor, Mr. ESME PERCY, as a Tragic Gentleman—the programme's phrase—has distraction in his aspect and manages to find the motive and the cue for passion. J. C. T.

"LARISSA" (CHANTICLEER)

The second play in the OSTROVSKY season is much better than the first. *Larissa* is a tragedy with a satirical base. What a crew the dramatist presents! Small-town Russian business men of the 'eighties, lustful, selfish, frivolous; a merry widow without scruple or heart; a pathetic gull of a Civil Servant: all (while the Volga keeps rolling along) move noisily about the sad figure of *Larissa*, the "girl without dowry," whose violent death ends the chaffering and scheming of which she is the unwilling

centre. The piece, in Mr. DAVID MAGARSHACK's translation, has a disturbing, bitter quality that survives the uncertainties of its performance.

Although several of the promising players in the Chanticleer cast have the right idea, we look anxiously for more precision and speed. The *Larissa* is over-taxed. Mr. HENRY RAYNER gallantly weathers a storm of hysterics, but the best of the acting is in an irrelevant decoration. Mr. ROBERT MARSDEN, as a strolling player, has an endearing swagger and swirl, of voice as of gait: in the London of the early 'sixties he would have been an honoured member of the company at Pinero's Bagnigge Wells. J. C. T.



SUPERMAN DEALING WITH DIFFICULTIES

Colonel Tadeusz Boleslav Stjerbinsky . . . Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE
S. L. Jacobowsky Mr. KAREL STEPANEK
Szabuniewicz Mr. JOSEPH ALMAS

Jacobowsky, in the second to the Colonel). Yet on the quay at Hendaye we are left unsatisfied. Surely there must be more in these people than we are allowed to discover?

Few will hesitate, though, about the acting of Mr. REDGRAVE and Mr. STEPANEK. The Colonel could easily be maddening in his stiff flamboyance, the moments—many of them—when he is less like Quixote than Shaw's Sergius. The actor coaxes him along and soothes the audience; by journey's end the man has our grudging affection. Jacobowsky's fadeless charm might be too much of a good thing, but Mr. STEPANEK uses it with a quiet tact. (Never was exile more optimistic.

At the Opera

"PETER GRIMES" (SADLER'S WELLS)

Peter Grimes was a fisherman who lived more than a hundred years ago in a small fishing-village in East Anglia. He was hated by the villagers, for he was more skilful at his calling than they, and there were ugly rumours too about his violent temper and his ill-treatment of his apprentices, starving workhouse boys, in his lonely hut on the cliff. He had one friend in the village schoolmistress, *Ellen Orford*, whom he dreamed of marrying when he had made good and become respected—which meant when he had become rich, for where men's souls are warped by ugliness money is king. *Ellen's* plan to reform *Peter* had seemed for a while as if it might succeed, when, during a stormy fishing-trip, his starving apprentice died of exposure. All the hatred and suspicion of the villagers flared up anew at this, but *Ellen* stood by him undaunted and helped him to obtain another workhouse boy. One Sunday morning, however, she found that *Peter* was ill-treating this terror-stricken little boy just as he had the last. The rumour of it spread, and a crowd of villagers set out for *Peter's* hut, to do they knew not what. When *Peter* heard them coming, in his mad rage he chased the boy out on to the cliff; but there had been a landslide and the boy fell to his death. *Peter* disappeared, and when a few days later he returned in a demented condition at the dead of night, *Balstrode*—the one sensible inhabitant of the village—persuaded him that his only course was to row his boat far out from shore and sink with it. Thus he died.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S score is brilliant, and paints, describes and dramatizes in turn (or all at once) with a precision and sureness that are positively dazzling. One can only liken its glittering exactness to that of a Pope or a Dryden, for Mr. BRITTEN chooses a sound, as they would choose a word.

But, for all the brilliance of the music, and for all PETER PEARS' magnificent performance as *Peter*, the character of this "hero" does not ring true. Crabbe hated the characters of his poem which inspired the opera, and Crabbe was right. Mr. BRITTEN and his librettist, MONTAGU SLATER, are followers of the pseudo-Freudian school of psycho-analysts who lavish their affection on the pervert and for whom any sordid criminal is a



"Happy new ration book, madam!"

hero. To win sympathy for him they have endowed *Grimes* with visions and aspirations and described him as suffering from "social maladjustment." "Social fiddlestick!" as the White King would have said. *Peter Grimes* was a low-down brute with the craving for respectability common to most criminals, and *Ellen Orford* (JOAN CROSS) was a silly fool who would certainly have met the same fate as the luckless apprentices if *Grimes'* timely suicide had not saved her from her own folly.

No. Instead of trying to whitewash a *Grimes*, Mr. BRITTEN might have

taken for his theme the wickedness of a system which allowed children from the workhouse to be sold to anyone who could pay for them, or hired out to work in factories until they died. This would, alas, have a topical interest, for similar evils exist in our own day.

KENNETH GREEN is to be congratulated on his highly successful costumes and décor. REGINALD GOODALL, who conducts, understands the music thoroughly. The whole production is a fitting celebration of the reopening after so many years of Sadler's Wells Theatre. D. C. B.



"Here's one that does at least sound honest—try
'Seaview, only two minutes to Central Station'."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Winston Churchill

IN the summer of 1940 the enemies of Mr. Churchill, open and concealed, placed themselves as thankfully as the rest of the nation, and quite as promptly, behind the old lion whose roar had stayed the crouching tiger. But there is a vast difference between being grateful for someone and grateful to someone. The first of these feelings ceases with the service which evokes it; in the second there is a desire to make some return for benefits received, even if the return be nothing more positive than to abstain from those undermining attempts which come naturally to envy in the presence of achievement. Already in the spring of 1942, after the disasters which marked the entrance of Japan into the war, it seemed to some persons that a chance to bring Mr. Churchill down had arrived. During a speech delivered on the second anniversary of his premiership Mr. Churchill glanced at this attack, in a passage very moving in its dignity and restraint—"It fell to me in those dark days to express the sentiments and resolves of the British nation in that supreme crisis of its life. That was an honour far beyond any dreams or ambitions I had ever nursed, and it is one that cannot be taken away." It was beside the purpose of Mr. GUY EDEN's non-controversial *Portrait of Churchill* (HUTCHINSON, 3/6) to include this particular quotation, but why this honour fell to Mr. Churchill, and not to any of his critics, past or present, is clear on every page of Mr. EDEN's vivid narrative. Few readers, outside those who cannot breathe freely except in the air of Eatanswill, will lay down this book without reflecting on the mournful paradox that a nation is at peace only when it is at war. Hardly had the debris of the last rocket bomb been cleared away when England, which for five years had appeared to the world in the semblance of a war-horse mounted by an indomitable knight, collapsed into a pantomime donkey writhing with intestine strife. The blame for this transformation is being variously apportioned, in accordance with the political sympathies of the apportioners. But so far as Mr. Churchill is concerned, his

position in our history is already determined; for it is the good men do—in spite of Mark Antony's contrary suggestion, made for tactical reasons—that lives after them. In his memoirs, written towards the close of his life, Lord Fisher quoted Amiel's "*Qui de nous n'a pas connu sa terre promise, son jour d'extase, sa fin en exil ?*" Whatever Mr. Churchill's future fortunes, he will be remembered for his day of ecstasy, which was also the day of his country's deliverance.

H. K.

Five Centuries of French Verse

MR. WILFRID THORLEY's new anthology of his own translations, with the original texts alongside and vivacious notes appended, must surely fulfil its dual purpose of arousing and sustaining interest in *The French Muse* (MULLER, 6/-). An anonymous folk-song begins what a ballad of Paul Fort ends; and in between lie all the more humanist experiments which allot the Gallic instrument its place in the European orchestra—whether it be mediæval Christendom, the Classical Renaissance or the Romantic Movement. The translator's sympathies, one feels, are with the Renaissance. He is inclined to choose congenial rather than representative specimens of earlier and later work. And when he gallantly constrains himself to go against his bias, with a gargoylesque piece like Villon's *Contre Les Medisans*, full of proper names like Nebuchadnezzar, he would obviously have come off far better with a less idiosyncratic and exacting ballade like *Je meurs de soif*. His versions please the ear rather than the eye; and his period sense is more literary than pictorial. Irony suits him admirably; and if he selects De Musset's caustic *Sur Une Morte* instead of a romantic *tour-de-force* like *Ninon, Ninon*, it is precisely because he knows he can make a better thing of it.

H. P. E.

Post-War Post

What happens now that the last tin hat has been hung up, the last mug of warden's tea consumed, the last notice-boards and paper festoons taken down from the damp walls of Post X? This is the theme of Mr. STEPHEN SPENDER's book *Civilians in War and After* (HARRAP, 15/-). "Can the experience of war by civilian defence workers in their own home towns give them as wide a survey of social responsibilities in peace as they have learned in war?" To begin with, he gives an admirably clear short history of A.R.P.—noticing how elaborately planned it was even by 1935. He writes finely of civil defence in action—"Healers, staunching the wounds of a city, burned and scarred in the blundering darkness"—but, quite rightly, he says even more of the four years afterwards and their monstrous threat of boredom. Here of course the greatest problem was the N.F.S. They were organized, after the blitz, with an immense display of spit, polish, and paint, for an emergency which never came; borough councillors, whose feelings are understandable, are now emerging to call them "the most over-organized body in existence." But Mr. SPENDER shows how the authorities tried to make use of that chronicle of wasted time—in training, in productive work schemes (he has some very sensible things to say about "people's art"), and in lectures and discussion groups. It is in this last that Mr. SPENDER sees the future of civil defence. Not a club or league "in which old fighters regale each other with bomb stories," but a social centre for education and local planning. A genuine demand for education—that and the breakdown of social barriers round the tea-cups of Post X are the precious things which may survive into peace-time. It is a pity that Mr. SPENDER has incorporated some of his weaker poems into the text; in particular his vision of dead

Londoners "naïvely familiar with stars and angels," as he calls them, and chanting "In the midst of loif is death." Otherwise, this is a model for documentaries, a book to make people remember and think.

P. M. F.

Lady of Misrule

A top-heavy international culture, with few or no roots in the soil, has little chance of withstanding international hurricanes. Yet a play wholly indigenous, and written in local speech, not only limits the dramatist's appeal but narrows his possible range of characters. Lady Gregory made the best of both worlds by exploiting the Irish country gentleman's familiarity with his own idiom and the peasants'. And Mr. GORDON BOTTOMLEY's aristocratic *Kate Kennedy* (CONSTABLE, 3/6) uses the *lingua franca* of literary English with her uncle, the fifteenth-century Bishop of St. Andrews, and Doric or English—according to her mood—with her nurse and her scholar-lover. Thus an exceptionally accomplished and delightful play for four performers—it was produced by The Pilgrim Players for C.E.M.A. last year—reintegrates Scotland within Scotland's own borders and within her historic European setting. The traditional Kate Kennedy celebrations of St. Andrews University, forbidden in the 1870's, were revived before this play was written; but Mr. BOTTOMLEY has lifted popular saturnalia into the realm of national drama. Kate Kennedy, parting the last days of her maidenhood like a posy among her collegiate boon-companions, before endowing her petted and tormented Montgomerie with her heart and hand, is worthy of a place between Benedick's sweet tormentress and her own namesake the delectable shrew.

H. P. E.

The Cloud Forests of Honduras

Jungle in the Clouds (ROBERT HALE, 15/-) gives a fascinating account, made additionally vivid by numerous very fine photographs, of a journey into the interior of Honduras, undertaken by Mr. VICTOR W. VON HAGEN and his wife in search of the quetzal, the sacred bird of the Aztecs. The author, until a friend who had been in Honduras undeceived him, regarded the quetzal as semi-mythical and, for all practical purposes, non-existent. Having learnt that there were plenty of quetzals in the cloud forests of Honduras, and having promised Mr. Julian Huxley two for the London Zoo, and persuaded Mr. Lee Crandall of the Bronx Zoo, New York, to order a pair, he set off on his quest. His first sight of a quetzal, its two gorgeous tail plumes streaming behind it in its flight, is excellently described. In due course, at first by purchase from natives and later on marauding excursions of his own, the author accumulated a number of quetzals and dispatched them by sea to New York—"the first time in all the long history of America that the quetzal, sacred and symbolic of the fire god, had ever sailed out over the sea." The quetzal enterprise over, the author set himself to make friends with the native Indians, by whom he was both charmed and impressed, and then came his last experience, a visit to Copán, southernmost city of the ancient Mayan empire, whose ruined temples and palaces and pyramids now gleam through the jungle growth.

H. K.

Retreat in the Jungle

Lieut.-General H. GORDON BENNETT's account of the Malayan campaign—*Why Singapore Fell* (ANGUS AND ROBERTSON, 12/-)—is, fortunately, composed mainly of extracts from a diary faithfully kept through desperate weeks of battle and vastly more revealing in its restrained

and matter-of-fact commentary than any carefully considered later opinions. A more doleful recital of withdrawals in the face of an enemy superior only in adaptation to local conditions will hardly be found in the records of the British Army. Where they were attacked, ambushed, out-patrolled the Japanese could always be beaten, and to the end our best troops, including the writer's jungle-trained Australians, were completely confident of their ability, since proved beyond dispute, to come out on top. Yet in country so thick and so treacherous under foot that men unfamiliar with it might be lost and virtually unable to move when only a few feet off the track, our units, overburdened with equipment and with inadequate air support, were perpetually finding themselves outflanked, cut off, destroyed in detail by an opponent they hardly saw. This record covers an infinity of individual heroism, yet without one's knowledge of the sequel it would be wholly unendurable.

C. C. P.

"... Nor Iron Bars ..."

If only *Backwater* (MULLER, 8/6) could have been published a year or so ago it would have brought relief to many who dreaded the effect of a long imprisonment on their men. A clear cool sanity imbues the sixteen contributions in prose and water-colour by the officer prisoners of Oflag IX A/H. Yet, in the earlier days of their imprisonment they might not have written so wisely. There are no horrors in the book nor trace of self-pity. Some made their escape with the birds (there is a particularly skilful poem with bird-names crowded into cunning rhythm by Lieut. D. R. O. Hill), some into humour and others in verse that echoes Rupert Brooke in feeling. Is it strange that all the water-colours are pictures of prison camps and their surroundings, and that not one of the artists has brought the English countryside into captivity, or is it a most natural symbol of freedom? One would like to comment on each item, but this should not be necessary since the volume is intended to serve in aid of the European Students' Relief Fund—"the nursing mother of *Backwater*."

B. E. B.



"... See if you can instil a tinge of irony into this ..."



"Remember that copywriter, Penworthy, whom you sacked for incompetency on the Eat More Potatoes campaign? How about taking him on for our Eat Less Potatoes propaganda?"

Odd Dog Out

VERY decent of your father-in-law to invite me to lunch too," I said, as we walked along.

"I suggested it," said James. "The old werewolf's got the impression I'm a rackets type, and I wanted him to see me with a typically sober, middle-aged colleague."

"Thank you very much."

"You'll get quite a nourishing lunch so long as we're not late. That's his one unforgivable."

"Good," I said. "I'm hungry."

We whistled a bit, but so that passing generals couldn't hear.

"Piccadilly's looking shabby, isn't it?" I said.

"It'll take more than Mr. Sandys' ten quid to put it straight."

"James," I whispered urgently, "don't look round, but we're being followed."

"Not Himmler's aunt again?"

"This is serious, James. A most extraordinary creature has fallen in about three paces behind you. The bodywork is off-white and about the same size as a sheep but a good deal more muscular. It's surmounted by one of the most completely degenerate faces I've ever seen."

"Is it a sort of dog?" James asked, palely.

I looked again.

"I think we must admit it to be a sort of dog," I told him.

"It's not looking at me as if I were the sheet-anchor of civilization?"

I took another peep over my shoulder and shuddered.

"That is exactly how it is looking," James groaned.

"This is frightful," he said.

"Surely you can order the animal to take itself off?"

"You don't understand. It's not a thing I've cared to talk about, even with my best friends, but for one dog in every few million I've got an absolutely irresistible magnetism. They'll gnaw through steel walls just to lick my toes. Last time this happened was in Paris in July '39."

"How did you see that one off?"

"In the end I was so desperate I asked the man who takes the hats at the Crillon to hold its lead while I washed my hands. He was the other side of an oak counter, so I knew his chances of not being eaten were fair. There was a skylight in the lavatory."

James glanced quickly backwards

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

and his large frame shook with emotion. Encouraged, the hound raised a moon-shaped face spilling over with fatuous adoration.

"I'd hoped so much never to see that look again," James said.

"I know just how it feels," I told him. "A minor poet once mistook me for Picasso for a short time in a pub in Bloomsbury."

"You note it hasn't a collar. Not that a lead would help much. That brute would bite through a tunny-trace."

"We're going to be late," I said. "It's ten to one already."

"We mustn't be late," James moaned. "Questions of life and death are at stake, *i.e.*, whether or not I have to work after the war. You speak to it."

"O dog!" I began, politely but without much conviction, "*please* leave my friend alone, for we are going to lunch with his father-in-law."

The creature's answer was to disclose a row of murderous yellow tusks and emit a warning rumble which disturbed the roar of Piccadilly.

"I wonder if it's fairly easy to hire a cat round here?" I asked.

"We might present him to the National Trust," James suggested hopelessly.

"Do you think he can swim?"

"If you're thinking of shaking him off in the Serpentine there isn't time."

We had increased our pace insensibly until now we were almost running. But so was the dog.

"I know those people pretty well," I gasped, pointing to a window full of elephant-rifles. "I should think they'd lend me an iron in such a good cause."

"Dog-shooting in Piccadilly in uniform is against K.R.s," James objected. "During the luncheon interval anyway. How's the time?"

"Six minutes to go."

"This is ghastly."

I pointed to the door of a well-known grocer.

"Let's stand him a lunch and then beat it."

The cooked-meat counter was fortunately empty.

"What have you got?" James demanded.

"How large is the party?" asked the man.

"Too large," said James, "and probably hungry."

"Then one of our game pies is the thing. That'll be fifteen shillings."

We led the way into the forecourt of Burlington House, where James broke the pie across his knee and set it down in a quiet corner. The monster

sniffed it and whinnied delightedly at the attention. Then he turned his back on it.

"We might have known he'd be a vegetarian," I said. "Do you think the Zoo would be interested?"

"Not interested enough. Time?"

"Four minutes to go. Look here, James, shall I go on and hold the fort?"

"Certainly not. The old man would assume I was too tight to come."

"You do realize I could just leave you to it?"

"You wouldn't be such a cad?"

"Perhaps not. But I should like it



THANK YOU for your most generous support. Mr. Punch is deeply grateful to you all for enabling him to alleviate in a small degree the hardships of this devastating war.

The European war is won, but the women and children in the recently liberated countries will need warm clothing and plenty of it during the coming winter.

The Navy, Army, Air Force and Merchant Navy still have an immense amount to do in the war against Japan and will need socks, cigarettes and other little comforts to make life more tolerable.

Mr. Punch will continue his efforts to supply these needs until the cessation of hostilities with Japan. Your help is urgently needed. Please send to him at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

borne in mind in the years to come that I could have legged it and didn't."

"I promise," said James, miserably. "What about throwing him a ball and jumping into a taxi?"

"Given the ball and the taxi, Piccadilly, Summer, 1945."

We both laughed emptily, but I think the dog enjoyed it. Then James gripped my arm.

"Do you see what I see, coming towards us?"

"Two types in similar uniforms, of somewhat similar build and visage, you mean?"

"Leave this to me," said James, who can sometimes handle a difficult situation like a master.

"Excuse me," he said to the two types, one of whom had a vast carpet-beating moustache not unlike his own. "My friend here and I have been making a bet about the fidelity of his dog. I wonder if you would be kind enough to settle it by walking say a hundred yards and whistling loudly?"

In the second of the whistle James dragged me in behind a pillar. We heard the wild scratching of great paws on the pavement, getting fainter. Next moment we were inside a shop.

"No silk pyjamas, I take it?" James asked, as we marched through. A man in a morning coat made a rudish noise. Then we were outside again, through a door into an arcade. As we went we could hear shouts, barking and a great shattering of glass mingling nicely at the other end of the shop.

"Time?" James cried, at the bottom of the arcade.

"One minute to go," I gasped happily. ERIC.

o o

Brussels Afternoon

HERE I lie on a palace lawn. Here I stretch in the sun and yawn, Watching the fat Dakotas crawl Through the trees and over the wall...

Over the wall where slogans cry "Vive Le Roi" to the passer-by. (Someone has followed with "d'Angleterre!")

That is the Palais de Justice there, Sitting Assyrian on the hill. Unmolested it reigned until One dark day when the Hun, going home, Found occasion to blow the dome.

Now a Dakota creeps in sight Over the plinth where an iron knight Poses his sword against the blue. "Vive Le Roi" cries the statue too. (Just for a change, this time I see Someone has added "de Bulgarie!")

What is this life, if man—alack!— Can't write slogans and turn his back.

Always, lurking behind the bush, Waits a wag with a whitewash brush. Thus I muse as my lazy eye Watches Dakotas crawling by.

Economic Slang—a Glossary

MR. SOAMES WOODLEY put the matter very succinctly, I thought. "The ordinary citizen," he said, "is very well aware of the progress achieved in other branches of learning. Somebody invents or discovers radiolocation or penicillin, and the results are as obvious as a Brazilian general. The masses look up to their benefactors with gratitude oozing from every pore. Successful 'straight' or pure scientists are treated like gods.

"Now take what we might call the impure scientist, or economist. His discoveries are just as timely, momentous and epoch-making. They exert just as much influence over the life of the common man. *But they are neither appreciated nor understood.* Not one man in a thousand realizes the significance of Drabas's work on block grants, Schumpfenfelt's analysis of the entrepôt trade or Issington on pseudo-rent."

Mr. Woodley is right. This state of affairs is most unfortunate. It means that the economist must constantly face the charge of wilful obscurantism. It means that he is classed with the voluntarily enigmatic school of modern poets and painters—and is remunerated accordingly.

This is not good enough.

There are economists walking the streets of London to-day, Wednesday, who earn less in a month than you or I might care to squander in a night.

And some of them actually *receive* no more than this. Should you take pity on them and manage, without hurting their pride, to press a little legal tender into their outstretched palms, they will look wistfully at the coin and mumble something about the velocity of circulation. Then, a little shamefacedly, they will shuffle away, these forgotten men, with tears and a preference for liquidity in their eyes.

The economist of to-day is treated badly by the nation. He does not covet wealth for its own sake. If he endeavours to grow rich it is because he feels himself to be the safest repository of public funds. He is obviously in a better position than ordinary citizens to know how and when to adjust his spending to the day-to-day requirements of the Government's fiscal programme. His propensity to consume can be controlled with a precision unknown to the average man. All told, there can be no individual more capable of discharging his economic duties to the State in a thoroughly responsible manner. And the economist looks no further than this to justify his claim for a redistribution of the national income in his favour. Will you bear all this in mind, gentle reader, at the next redistribution?

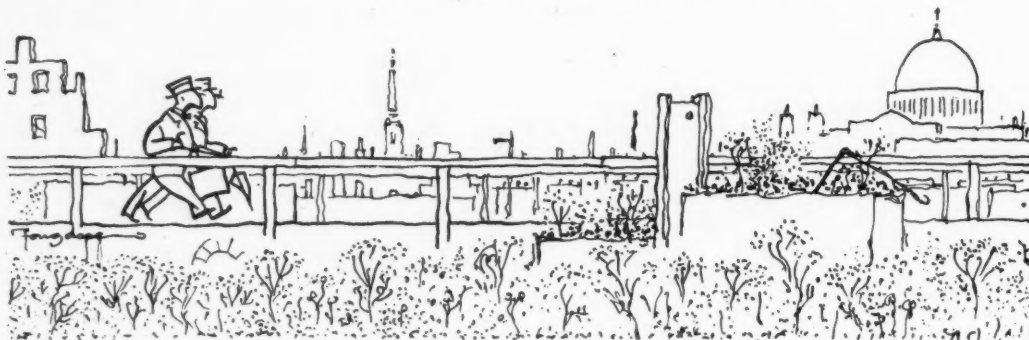
And now, back to the old glossary.

Work. By work the economist means something rather different from

the stuff as you and I know it. He means either negative unemployment or the effective demand for the labour factor of production. An economist thus reduces work to its simplest terms so that it is all set for quantitative analysis and diagnosis. In this way he avoids the term almost completely, so that it is hardly worth pursuing further.

That Sinking Fund. See Reserves, Hidden; Assets, Undisclosed, and Punishment, Capital.

Unearned Increment. Off the coast of Peru there are many small islands. These islands are washed by the cold waters of the Peruvian current which mingles with the hot waters of the tropics to produce lukewarm waters ideally suitable for the growth of plankton or floating fish-food. This food attracts many fish to the region and they thrive and multiply exceedingly. In their turn the fish attract myriads of birds. Now, these birds, flying at all hours of the day over or near the islands can hardly avoid . . . Wait a minute—you've been to Trafalgar Square? Well, the final result is guano, a deposit thought well of by farmers in Western Europe. The Peruvians collect the guano and sell it abroad. It is an important and heaven-sent part of their national income. Economists call it unearned increment. Certainly the Peruvians do not *earn* it. And it is increment, isn't it? HOD.

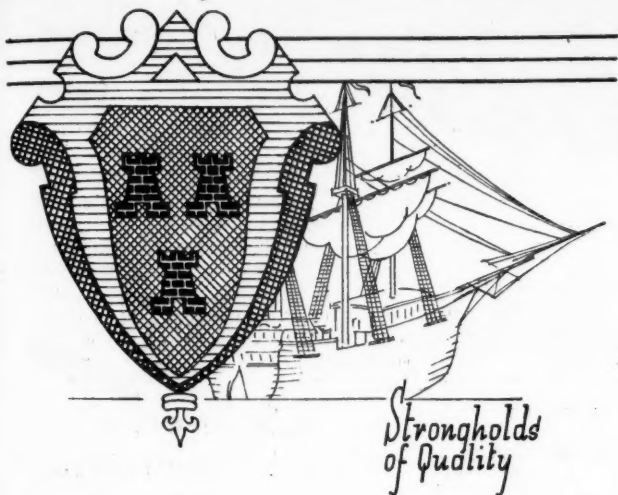


"Quite the most alarming feature about the City of London to-day is the way *Epilobium hirsutum* is being slowly smothered by *Senecio Jacobaea*, the Common Ragwort."

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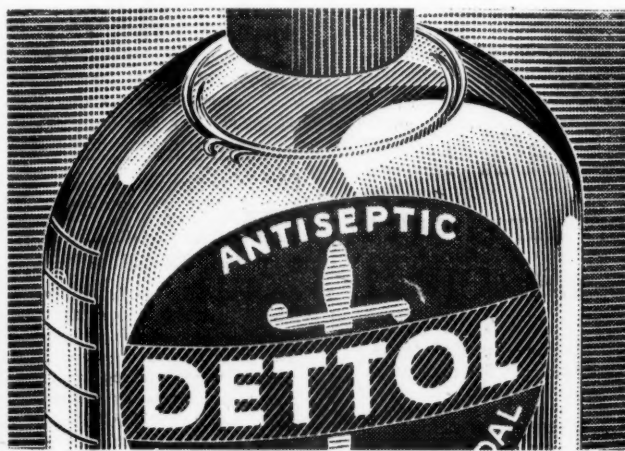


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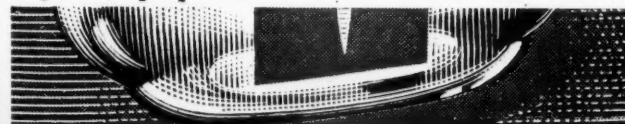
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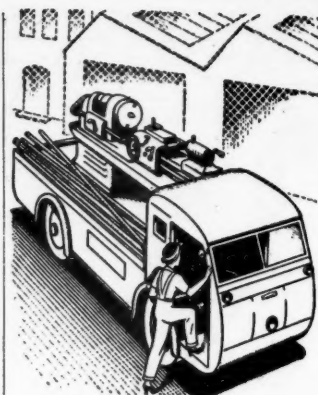
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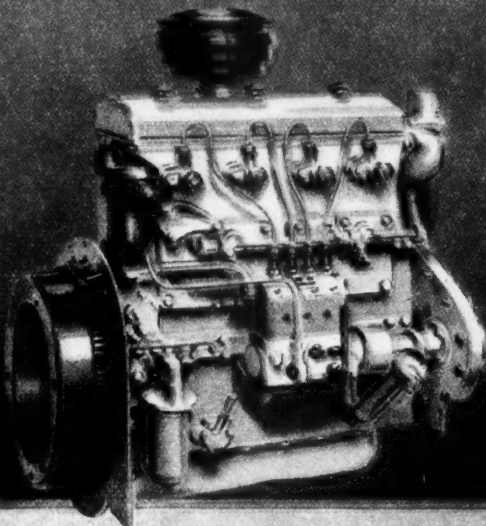


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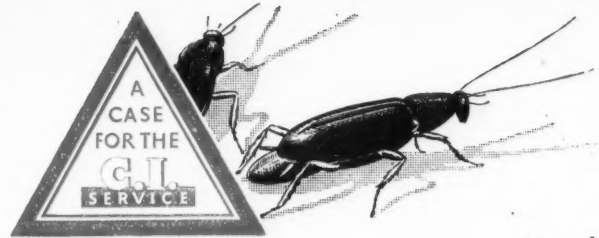
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